The Maltese Cross.

A Fascinating Story of Detective Skill, of Adventure and of Romance, in Which Are Printed Clues to Sums of Money Actually Hidden About the Streets of Washington.

IF YOU FIND THE MONEY, IT'S YOURS

The chapters of the Maltese Cross, published in this issue of The Sunday Times, contain clues to hiding places about the streets of Washington in which are concealed a sum total of $100. In each of these hiding places will be an envelope marked with a white Maltese Cross on a black background. Each envelope will contain a written order on The Times for the sum hidden in that place. The orders will be cashed at The Times office as soon as presented.

No employe of The Times or member of his family is eligible in the hunt for the hidden money.

No person who finds one of the sums is eligible in the hunt thereafter.

The money will be in the hiding places specified by the first and fourth clues at 7 o'clock Monday morning. That specified by the third clue can be traced as follows: A man dressed in dark clothes will leave The Times office, at Tenth and D streets, at 4:45 Tuesday afternoon. He will mark six Maltese Crosses on the principal streets of Washington. Somewhere near the last cross he makes four envelopes, containing money orders on The Times, will be hidden.

According to the second clue, a man dressed in dark clothes will walk on F street northwest, between Seventh and Fourteenth streets, between 4:45 and 6 o'clock. To the third person who asks "Have you the Maltese Cross?" he will give an envelope containing a money order on The Times.

The money will not be available until the hours mentioned.

The money is hidden in such places as to be readily reached by anyone solving the clues. It is never put where there is necessity or danger of the injury to property in searching for it.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

Russia has at last drawn China into the war with Japan, in spite of the American note subscribed to by the powers declaring China's neutrality. Japan has claimed England's aid and received it. In consequence, the ports of China are closed, and American trade in the Far East is at a standstill. There are two parties in the United States, one favoring interference in the East and the other opposed to it.

At the head of the opposition is Senator Langhorne, the leader of the Republican party. A Russian secret society, the Maltese Cross, desires the overthrow of the Czar's government. In order to accomplish its end it sends representatives to the United States with orders to make this country interfere in the East so that the war may be stopped. For peace with terms unfavorable to Russia means the downfall of the government.

Representatives of the Maltese Cross enlist the aid of a number of New York millionaires by promising them great concessions in Russia. Billy Hale, a friend and protege of Senator Langhorne, returns from the seat of war, where he has been on a semi-diplomatic mission. He reaches Washington Sunday morning, and is told by Senator Langhorne, under whom he served when the Senator was ambassador to Russia, that the Maltese Cross is operating in this country. On the same train a beautiful woman, Marie von Breunen, a member of the Maltese Cross, comes to Washington. It is her duty to win the Senator to her cause by making him fall in love with her.

Hale goes for a ride in the Senator's automobile and in Rock Creek Park stops a runaway horse, thereby saving the life of Marjorie Lee, a niece of the Senator, whom Hale has never before seen. He is badly knocked out.

Marjorie and Hale rode home in the automobile, meeting Madame von Breunen on the way. It transpires that madame and Hale are old friends, she having nursed him through a fever in Cairo four years before. She had left Egypt suddenly, however, and Hale had not seen or heard of her again until now. During their friendship in the East he had learned that she lived in dread of a mysterious power.

Senator Langhorne meets the representatives of the Maltese Cross at midnight by appointment. Its leader tells him he wants the United States to stop the war. The Senator refuses to remove his opposition to interference in the East, saying that to do so would plunge the United States into war. The Maltese Cross bids him beware, as it has power in America of which he does not dream.

A report comes to the United States that thirty American seamen have been murdered by Russians on the coast of Manchuria. The country is in an uproar. Senator Langhorne and Hale suspect that the Maltese Cross is behind the story, for it comes first through a New York yellow journal which has always been inimical to the Senator. By a supreme effort the Senator defeats a war measure in the Senate. He has wired his agents in the Philippines to investigate the story. He feels that unless he hears immediately he will not be able to prevent war.

Hale follows the millionaire owner of the New York yellow journal to what he feels sure is a rendezvous of the Maltese Cross.

He discovers a plot to prevent the news of the actual condition of affairs in the East reaching the Senator, is captured by the Maltese Cross, but escapes, after nearly killing three of the conspirators, in time to catch the train for New York. There he manages to get the much-needed cable and wires it to Senator Langhorne just in time to prevent the passage of a war bill by the Senate. He reaches Washington late at night, and Marjorie finds him asleep before the fire.

CHAPTER X.

What's a week? To the lazy man it means merely a number of days with a Sunday at each end. It has come and gone before he has decided whether he will write or telegraph to his tailor for blue or gray clothes. But what's a week to decide such a momentous question as that? To those who have energy—the stuff that makes the world go round—many things may happen in a week; to those whose blood flows like a mountain torrent after the melting of the snows, while that of the lazy man slushes along at the rate of the Mississippi river after a dry season; to those many things may happen in the short space of a week. And what is more, they do not wait for these things to happen to them. They go out to meet them. They are not of the men in the woods who live on ham day in and day out merely because it is too much trouble to get out before sun-up for fresh meat.

A week had passed since Madame von Bruenen had been commanded by the prince to play the card she held in the game whose stakes were peace and the honor of a man, against the overthrow of an empire, and in that week much had, in the language of the fairy stories, come to pass. A week in which, while the Maltese Cross had apparently lain dormant, a new plot against Senator Langhorne had been hatched, in which, by some odd chance, the Senator had seen Madame von Bruenen at least once every day, and had at last admitted to himself that he was honestly in love with her. In spite of his deliberation, the Senator was not the man to linger on the road. Besides he realized—how few men do—that he was getting older every day.

Consequently he had pressed his suit in the numerous ways which come readily to the courteous man of the world. Is there a woman who would not have been flattered to have this man at her feet? A man who led one of the greatest countries in the world. Who knows, perhaps. But though she felt flattered, and though she admired the man immensely, Madame von Bruenen had rather have cut off her beautiful hair or done some other thing equally disfiguring than receive his attentions, knowing as she did the part she must play, and another thing: he talked well and brilliantly; she listened well and also brilliantly, which is sometimes a more difficult task. Though there are comparatively few talkers in the world—with apologies to the women—and the great majority listen, there are not many good listeners, for the simple reason that men and women are too much interested in the things that concern themselves to pay attention to the interests of others. If a listener looks interested, however, what more can anyone ask.

Strangely enough Billy Hale did not notice the Senator's suit for the hand of his old friend. If the truth be told Hale was exceedingly interested in the merry chase which a certain debutante was leading him. But if he were blind, not so Marjorie. "Does she want all the men," Marjorie had said to herself when she had come upon the Senator and Madame von Bruenen seated in the dusk of madame's drawing room.

Of all the capricious young women Billy had ever known, and as he had known many girls, it is to be presumed that he knew not a few, Marjorie, he decided, was the most changeable. In a savage moment when she had tried him more than usual he said slangily to himself: "She has a chameleon beaten a mile." But this did not make him care less. The morning after he returned from his flying trip to New York, when his timely telegram had saved the peace party and Senator Langhorne, he found that Marjorie had apparently lost all interest in the adventures she had been so anxious to hear the night before. This pleased him rather than otherwise, for he hated to relate things that had happened to himself. But the fact that she had also, to all appearance, lost all interest in him was not so pleasing to him. She had rushed off down town with a number of her debutante friends, and in the afternoon she had received at a tea. Billy hated teas, but he went to this one. It did not prove satisfactory, however. Teas never are when you go to see one person in particular. That night Marjorie went to a dinner, to which Billy had not been invited. Take it all in all, he had not had a very successful day. But when he reached the Senator's house after the theater, whither he had gone in disgust, he found Marjorie, who had returned from her dinner, waiting for him, her gracious mood in full sway. But try as he would he could not give the conversation the personal turn he desired. So he abandoned his first tack, and determined to be a good comrade before he tried to be more. His scheme worked well, and the following two days he and Marjorie rode, and walked, and talked together most of the time.

On the afternoon of the third day Marjorie and Hale were walking their horses slowly down a long hill on the road leading from Mt. Pleasant out past Soldiers' Home and beyond. It was a warm day for December even in Washington, where the seasons are so entangled that one day the weather is spring-like, the next wintry, and the third hot and torpid. It is one of the National Capital's idiosyncrasies that it has no climate—merely weather. They had been discussing horses, and Marjorie's desire to ride to hounds.

"This hill is almost as steep as the one in Rock Creek Park, which nearly proved my ruin," said Marjorie. Billy was half a length ahead, and he did not see the glance she shot at the back of his head. She decided that she rather liked the back of his head with its closely cropped brown hair. It was certainly well set on his shoulders.

It was the first time Marjorie had mentioned the manner of their meeting since the day Billy had saved her life at the risk of his own. He glanced back at her curiously.

"Do you know," he said, "I have never yet gotten over the impression that I had seen you somewhere before that day. The more I think of it the surer I am that we had met before." His forehead wrinkled as he looked at her. "When could it have been? I have knocked about nearly all parts of the world, but I cannot connect any particular one with you, except, of course, Washington."

"When we met so long ago. Ten days, or was it nine," Marjorie said in a provoking tone. "I have not decided yet whether or not I ought ever to forgive you for forgetting me, because we did meet before," she ended triumphantly.

"I fail to understand how I could have forgotten you," Billy murmured.

"That sounds all very well, but the fact remains you did."

"A Kiss Is the Best Salve for Such a Hurt."

"You must have been very small when I saw you," said Billy, catching at a straw.

"Not too small to remember you."

"Well, I'm so old that I have not changed since you arrived at an age when you could remember things."

"I like that, how old do you think I am?" said Marjorie.

"Nineteen, am I right."

"Uncle Jim told you. Some day I may tell you where it was I first saw you and you me, if you are good and don't desert me when we go out together. It's rather nice having some one to go out with. I didn't know how much I missed you until you came."

"Sure, it's the Princess O'Toole I'm talking to," taking off his cap and bowing low.

"I can't stand people who make fun of me," said Marjorie.

"But you must, it's good for you. Besides you'll have to stand me till we get back home," replied Billy.

"I'm not so sure of that, suppose I take that road and you this," said Marjorie, pointing with her riding crop to the branches forking out of the road on which they were riding. Now Hale knew the roads around Washington much better than did Marjorie. He knew that the forks which apparently ran off into different directions, turned toward each other a mile further on and two miles further united in one road again. Therefore when he said in an indifferent tone, "Very well, we will part here, if you wish it," Marjorie was surprised to say the least, and it must be admitted a trifle piqued. The fact that she would have to ride all the way home, through lonely country, did not make her hesitate a moment, she was too much accustomed to riding by herself in the West, where she had spent days in the saddle with no one but a dog as a companion.

"Good-by," she said quickly. "I'll beat you home," and she spoke to her horse. Billy took the other road.

For a minute or two she trotted briskly along the road, then she pulled her horse down to a walk, and rode along thinking busily. Something must have amused her for she smiled to herself, and then, though no one was in sight, she blushed quickly. Unbuttoning her coat, she took out a smart heart-shaped gold locket which she wore on a thin chain about her neck. Sticking her crop under her arm, letting the reins fall upon her horse's neck, she took off her gloves and opened the locket. On one side of it was a tiny miniature of a handsome woman, grey-haired but still young. The resemblance between it and Marjorie's fair young face was remarkable. The other side of the locket did not hold a picture; it contained only a single large violet.

She sat for a minute eying the violet critically, turning her head first on one side and then on the other, like a robin deciding which side of a cherry to try first. Apparently she must have seen something more than the mere violet, for so engrossed was she with it and her thoughts that she did not hear a man ride up behind her. She started suddenly, and the locket which she had loosened from the chain fell from her hand as a voice said:

"How do you do, Miss Marjorie Lee," and Rubinoff, on a big gray horse, ranged himself alongside of her.

"Oh, my locket!" cried Marjorie, never stopping to see Rubinoff's outstretched hand, but throwing her right leg over the pummel of her saddle, she slipped quickly to the ground. Quick as she was, however, the practiced horseman was quicker, and before she could stoop to grasp it, he had reached down from his saddle and picked up the gold trinket which lay open in the road. He did not give it back to her, and to Marjorie's wrath and indignation, calmly sat in his saddle, looking first at the miniature and then at the violet. It was as though a stranger had opened a letter addressed to her.

"Give it to me at once," said Marjorie, imperiously. The big Russian looked down on her with a smile that was almost a sneer.

"Perhaps," said he. "C'est bein tombe. Let us talk, Miss Marjorie Lee." His voice had the easy insolence of a man off his guard, who has risen above his proper standing in society by brute strength alone. Such men are found the world over in all armies where it is possible to rise from the ranks.

Marjorie's expression turned from one of wrath to amazement and contempt. She had seen this man a number of times after their first meeting at the French embassy. On each occasion he had paid her marked attention, and because he was a strong man and she enough of a woman to like him on that account, she had permitted him to dance and talk with her more than a number of others. It had never occurred to her that he was not a gentleman. How many American girls wait to make sure of that fact when they meet foreigners who come here to seek for wives with money. Then, too, Marjorie had rather encouraged Rubinoff out of perversity, she knew that Billy did not like him. But she saw now that there was a streak in this man to which she was not accustomed, and it startled her. But she was not alarmed—only angry.

"Will you give me my locket immediately, Captain Rubinoff," she said, quietly, though the color mounted high in her cheeks, and she felt she could stamp her foot with rage and vexation. He did not answer, but dismounted from his horse and stood beside her, his hulking six feet towering above her.

"Now we can talk more pleasantly, Miss Marjorie," he said, familiarly. "I have great admiration for you."

"I have none for you," Marjorie rapped out. "How long is this absurd situation to continue," tapping her riding boot with her crop.

"As long as I wish, and no longer than you wish, I hope," and he leered at her impertinently.

"How dare you speak to me in that manner, Captain Rubinoff."

"How do I dare?" the big Russian laughed, and his laugh was more unpleasant than his insolence. There was a hidden menace in it. "How do I dare? What is to prevent me? This afternoon is mine, and perhaps if you are not foolish, there will be others. Come, let us sit down for a few minutes, I must talk to you." He had already taken the two horses by the bridle, and led them to a tree on the roadside where he tied them. Never before had Marjorie felt so helpless. She had never been afraid of a man in her life, indeed she had never been afraid of anything. But she began to feel a dread of this big, cold-blooded Russian. She could not run if she would—there was no place to run to, nor did she come of a stock that runs away. For a moment she hated Billy for being so foolish as to leave her alone. But she had no time now to hate him. Her woman's wit must get her out of the present dilemma, and then she would have opportunity enough to tell Billy what she thought of him. When the Russian approached her again she had changed her line of defense.

"What do you want to say to me, Captain Rubinoff? It must be very important." She spoke in an ordinary conversational tone, without a trace of her former wrath.

"That's better. As I said before I admire you, Miss Marjorie. We Russians are not slow in our likes and dislikes, and I am rather quick even for a Russian. I admire you—I love you—and I am going to marry you." He leaned toward her as he spoke. He did not ask a question—he made an assertion. It was as though he were giving an order to one of his Cossacks or speaking to a peasant woman in the Caucasus. Marjorie's hatred increased, but also her dread.

"This is most unexpected, Captain Rubinoff, perhaps you had better discuss it with my uncle, Senator Langhorne." Marjorie spoke quietly.

"No, we will discuss the matter here and now, and I will have your promise before I leave."

"You would never have my promise to be your wife, not if you were the last man on earth."

"No?" There was self-assurance in the short monosyllable.

"How do you propose getting it?"

"We will stay here until you give it. The night air will not be so warm. When you reach Senator Langhorne's house it will be as my affianced bride."

"Would you dare to keep me here?"

"Do you not know better than to use the word dare to me? Now tell me that you love me." His big hand grasped the small one near him. And he drew her toward him.

"You coward!" With all the strength of her young arm she struck the Russian across the face with her riding crop. The slender whip left a deep red on the white skin. But he did not let go. He smiled, and his eyes had a brutish look, as he seized the hand that held the crop, and said:

"A kiss is the best salve that such a hurt."

Marjorie silently struggled and fought with all her strength, but slowly—almost as if he were afraid of hurting her—Rubinoff drew her toward him. When his face was scarcely an inch from her's, he held her.

"Now kiss me," he said, in a voice of command.

But a strong hand had closed about his neck almost as he spoke, and he was jerked quickly backward. It was well he had a bull neck, for Billy Hale did not handle him gently. Instinctively the Russian loosened his hold on Marjorie, and turned to defend himself. As he turned, Hale's arm shot out and landed a blow full in his face. There were few men who could have met such a blow without going down before it, and in spite of his great strength Rubinoff was knocked squarely off his feet, and landed on the ground several feet away. Stunned, he lay still for a moment, and Hale stood over him waiting for a move. Billy had not said a word. He never did when he was fighting mad, and he would gladly have killed the man on the ground before him.

Rubinoff crawled to one knee and then upon his feet. His face, cut by Marjorie's whip and knocked out of shape by Billy's blow, was not pretty to look upon. But Hale did not wait for his attack. Billy had held his own in a bout at college with one of the greatest prizefighters of the day. The Russian knew little or nothing about the game. Billy did not even take the trouble to feint. He landed first his right and then his left, and again Rubinoff went down. This time he lay still. Not because he was afraid to get up, but because he was physically unable. Billy stood looking down at him again. There was a slight tug at his sleeve, and Marjorie's voice said:

"Come away; please do."

"Yes, in a minute," and Billy leaned over the fallen man.

"You cur," he said. "It would be better for you to leave Washington tonight. Come," he said, turning to Marjorie, who had stooped to pick a small locket from the ground. They walked to the horses several hundred feet away in silence. Billy gave Marjorie his hand to mount, and then he swung into the saddle.

"Tell me what happened," said Billy.

"He rode up behind me and I was so startled I dropped this," she held out the locket. "I jumped down to pick it up, but he reached it first. Then he would not give it up, and said he was going to marry me, and I struck him, and then—but you came," and the brown eyes shot a grateful glance at him. "It was horrible." She did not ask him how he had happened to arrive on the scene of action. She took it for granted, but he felt that there was some explanation due.

"When we separated, I knew that the roads we took joined about two miles farther on. I galloped ahead to meet you. For ten minutes I waited at the fork of the road for you, and then I started up your branch to see what had happened. When I saw the two horses tethered I dismounted and looked about for you."

After a pause.

"I was a brute to leave you."

Marjorie was fastening the locket to her chin again. "Please don't say that," she said. "Do you know he looked into my locket. That was the beginning of all the trouble. I never was so angry before."

"You showed me the picture of your mother in it," said Billy. "It was very like you. May I see it again?"

"Not now." Her fingers were pushing the gold heart into a safe hiding place, and she blushed quickly.

"Oh," said Billy shortly.

"Now please don't be grumpy, Billy, I couldn't really stand it. And perhaps some time I'll let you see what is in my locket if you really wish it," tantilizingly. Billy didn't deign to reply.

"We must hurry if we are to get home before dark," he said, and the horses were put to a fast trot. Soon they passed from the country road into the streets of the city. They had taken a long way about, and had entered the city by one of the downtown streets. As they passed through that part of a lettered street in the northwest section whose name is a command to a horse, lying between a street whose name is the unit in a great numerical system, and another which if divided by two equals the number of the lettered street in the alphabet, Marjorie caught sight of a commonplace man with his head bound in bandages.

"Look, look, there is the man who gave me the note last week."

Billy saw the nondescript of the Maltese Cross, and felt rather pleased that he had not after all killed the man when he struck him with the club.

When they reached the house it was quite dark. Billy lifted Marjorie to the ground. They both stopped a moment in the library where the lights were already burning.

"Billy, do you really want to see that locket?" and she held it out to him.

"Not if you object," he said. But she had already opened it. He saw the single large violet.

"Marjorie!"

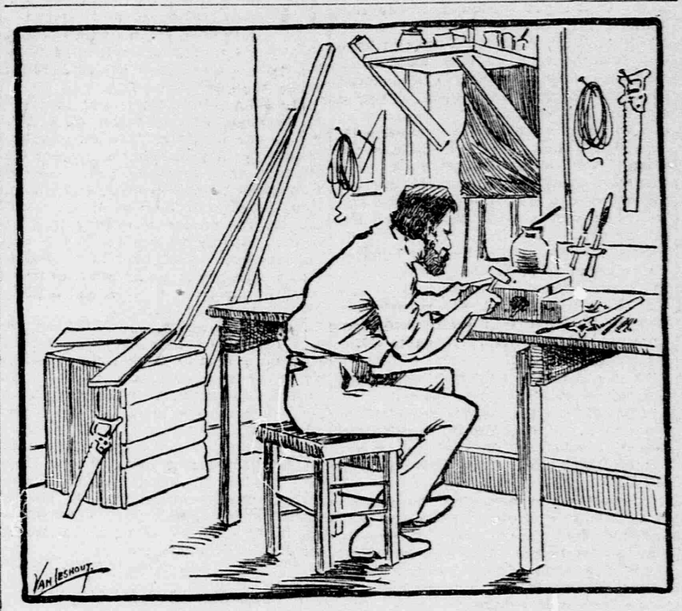
"Very foolish of me to keep a violet, wasn't it?" Again she had changed.

"Why did you keep it?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I must go and dress for dinner now." As she stood in the door she called back to him. "Don't you ever guess, Billy?"

CHAPTER XI.

While Marjorie Lee had her disagreeable experience with Captain Rubinoff, Senator Langhorne had gone to ask Madame von Breunen to become his wife. He found her alone in her drawing room. The room was typical of the woman, filled as it was with beautiful and strange tapestries, and luxurious furniture. She loved bright colors, consequently there was none of the dark heavy old-fashioned chairs that are found in so many houses today, and over which connoisseurs rave though they do not sit on them. Every thing in the room was in good taste.



With Deft Fingers He Toiled Over the Box.

The Senator invariably moved quickly toward his goal once his mind was made up, and this afternoon he was particularly sure of his wishes.

"Madame von Breunen," he said, after a few desultory remarks, "What I have to say to you may come as a surprise though I hope not. Have I your permission to speak to you on a personal subject—one which is very close to my heart?"

Madame von Breunen's eyes met the Senator's frankly as she replied:

"Certainly you may, Senator Langhorne."

"Madame von Breunen—Marie—I love you. Will you be my wife?" The Senator spoke quickly yet softly, and there was a caress in his voice which would have been impossible to a younger man. He paused for a moment, and as Madame von Breunen did not answer, he continued:

"It must seem strange to you that after knowing you only four weeks and being a man much older than yourself, I should hope to have you as my wife. But it is because I am as old as I am, and because I have always known what I wish quickly, that I have spoken so soon. I am hoping against hope when I ask for your love, but at least I know I have your friendship, and if you have no love to give me now perhaps in time it may come."

Still Madame von Breunen did not answer, she had grown very pale, and she who was never at a loss for a word, apparently did not know how to begin. Again it was the Senator who spoke.

"Marie, love has been a stranger to me. I have seen many loves grow and develop in my life, but I have never had time to fall in love myself. Life without love is barren and cheerless as a spring day without sunshine. Since I met you I have known this. Will you not help me?"

"Senator Langhorne," said Marie, at last, "you have paid me a great compliment, the greatest an honorable man can pay a woman. Before I answer you may I tell you something of my life and what I live for?" The blue eyes looked at him appealingly, anxiously.

"Of course."

"I am a Russian—perhaps you did not know it—many do not. Billy Hale knew and may have told you. My father was Count Lamskoy of whom you must have heard as one of the first to seek to educate and better the condition of the peasantry. All my girlhood was spent on our estates working with my father among the poor. If you could have seen the joy our little kindnesses carried to those humble homes you would realize what the work meant to me.

"My mother did not sympathize with my father or his work, and when she could she took me to our palace in St. Petersburg, where she stayed during the season, living in the midst of the social whirl. At last the crash came. The government arrested my father and sent him to Siberia. I was pardoned, for my mother had influence in high circles. But my father's estates were confiscated, and I was entirely dependent upon my mother. She insisted upon my marrying a man whom I afterward learned to detest. I never saw my father again, for he died soon after his exile began. Bound as I was, I became more and more attached to the cause of freedom. It was to me what father, husband, or child should have been. It was my all. Since my husband's death I have to all outward appearances lived a butterfly life in the different courts and capitals of the world. But never in all this time have I forgotten for a moment the suffering, the pain, and misery of the millions of poor at home. What I could I have given from my private fortune, though as quietly as possible, remembering my father's fate. Where I could I have used my influence to have humane governors assigned to the provinces."

She paused. The Senator was listening intently, sympathetically. But an expression of dull understanding had crept into his face.

"At last it seems Providence has put a weapon into our hands, a weapon which, while it cuts our native land cruelly, will heal the greatest of all wounds. It is the war with Japan. If Russia yields, the tyranny of years will fall and the poor will be benefited.

"When you made your great fight the other day to prevent the United States from joining in the war you asked me if I did not wish you luck. Wish you luck! How I prayed—not that you might fail—but that my cause might triumph! You were too strong. You say that you love me. Do you love me enough to withdraw your opposition to the action of the United States? Do you love me enough to change your mind and give my country liberty?"

"And mine death," put in the Senator quickly, as she finished. Then he said not a word but sat gazing into the blazing fire. Madame von Breunen leaned toward him, her face a world of eagerness and hope.

"Surely you love me enough for that," she murmured softly.

The Senator shook himself like a great dog, which has come to dry land from the waters in which he has been swimming. He rose to his commanding height and stood looking down at Marie. On his face was one of the saddest smiles man ever wore.

"Good-by," he said quietly. There was that finality in his voice which tells all hope is lost. There could be no temporizing with this man, for he was one of the few who see their course clearly and immediately and follow it with a firm hand on the tiller. He never jockeyed for a start. He did this woman the honor to see that he could not separate her from what had been her life's desire, and he put the welfare of his country ahead of his own love. He took her hand and bowed low over it. Then without another word he walked to the door. She watched him with a curious glance, half disappointment, half relief. If his thoughts were bitter he gave no sign.

When he had gone Madame von Breunen rose from her chair and walked quickly to the next room where she sat at her desk. Suddenly she took a long breath and said softly to herself, "Oh, I am free, I am free."

Picking up her pen she wrote this note to the prince.

"I have done my best but without avail. Must see you tomorrow night. Have a man walk along F street northwest, between Seventh and Fourteenth streets, between 4:45 and 6 o'clock. Let him give a reply to the third person who asks him, 'Have you the Maltese Cross?'"

On the following day a man in the House, an enemy of Senator Langhorne, electrified Congress, and later by means of the telegraph and cable, though one New York daily had the story in type hours before, the world, by a bitter speech in which he accused the Senator of being a thief of the worst type, and declared that he had positive proof of a gigantic graft whereby the Senator had received hundreds of thousands of dollars. The story was most ingenious, and as no man, however great, is safe from the harpies in a republic, thousands took it up and repeated it as the truth after they had read the evening papers.

The Senator had consistently refused to say anything for publication. When his friends had besought him to make prompt denial his jaw had set more firmly, and he had said, "Let the crowd yelp if they get any pleasure out of it." To tell the truth he was powerless to speak without injuring a life-long friend whom he knew to be innocent. For the strange part of the story was that there really had been a great game of graft

(Continued on Page Nine, This Section.)